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DEFACED STATUE

A Story of the Latin Quarter

Stage and Screen

KISSES THREE

By Clement Wood

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HIGH LIFE

Edited by
GEORGE JULIAN HOUTAIN and E. DOROTHY HOUTAIN

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FEATURES in HIGH LIFE for JUNE



Charles D. Isaacson

the author of

"A SCARLET SISTER"

has written a story for HIGH LIFE which is a classic. His latest inspiration

"The Perfume of Madeline"

which will appear in the June number, is the most intriguing fiction from his pen.

It is reminiscent of DeMaupassant and the early masters of alluring, sensuous and intimate portrayals of man's warm, passionate ardor for woman.

It sets a remarkably high standard for all magazines to follow.

(Note item on page 30 about Mr. Isaacson's "A Scarlet Sister.")

WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

One of the leading Feminists of the day; nationally known writer, author and lecturer; daughter of Ida Husted Harper, the biographer of "Susan B. Anthony," has written a whimsical skit entitled

"MODERN LOVE"

which will appear in the next issue of

HIGH LIFE

Its satire is brilliant; its sarcasm, caustic; its interest, delightful.

It may be just as well for old fogies and prudes not to read the next number.



Winnifred Harper Cooley

THINK OF THIS!

12 Sprightly Numbers of HIGH LIFE which will bring the sparkle to the eye and fill you with the sheer joy of living will cost you \$3.00 per year when purchased monthly at the newsstands at 25c a copy. And there is always the inconvenience of "going out" for it and the possibility that the dealer has none left.

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STATEMENT

OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

OF HOME BREW published monthly at Brooklyn, N. Y., for April 1923.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
County of Kings

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared E. D. Houtain, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the Home Brew and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, edi-

tor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, E. D. Houtain, 1128 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
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2. That the owners are: E. D. Houtain.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person

or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affants full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

E. D. HOUTAIN,
Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1923.

(Seal.) Caroline L. Backer,
Notary Public, Kings Co.,
Reg. 4315063.

(My commission expires
March 30, 1925)



HIGH LIFE

Volume III.

May 1923

Number 4

Kisses Three

By Clement Wood

Author of "Migger" and Other Notable Books

KISSES three he gave to me,
Kisses three—

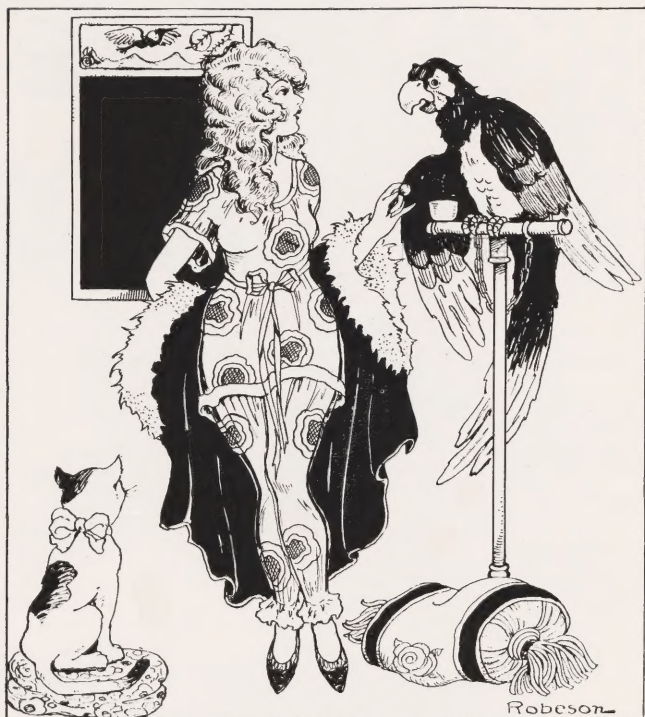
ONE was in the restless dusk,
Soft and tentative and shy,
And I did not leave him. I,
Though his kiss was but a husk
Flung to starving lips, I waited.
Waited, while love hesitated,
Fearful he would pass us by.

THEN he kissed me once again,
Prisoning my doubtful lips
In a long eclipse
And the night's vast rhythm beat
Over us with urgent power,
And each whitening, tardy hour
Lingered sweet sweet

ONCE again he kissed me, now
In the pale and furtive dawn,
All distraught, his soul withdrawn—
And his slow lips chilled my brow.
Shall no other night be mine,
When the throbbing hours shine?

KISSES three he gave to me,
Kisses three—

ZOOLOGICAL STUDIES



THE PUSSY AND THE POLLY

By BUD SEATON

JEALOUSY IS RAMPANT in every boudoir in the land when Milady her sweets she would bestow. Then it is that joy springs unconfined to some and the heart becomes as lead to others.

See Polly and his delight while the little Pussy sits waiting the expected caress and the tendering of the choice morsel.

Polly cackles in great glee and spreads his wings in triumphant array. But Pussy knows—she only waits for the moment—then Polly will come off his perch and not be so majestic.

Marie-Louise drifted into the Studio,
and peculiar though it was, it made no
rift in the friendship of Felix and Paul!
But what about the wife of Felix?
Ah, yes!--We shall see!

The DEFACED STATUE

A Story of the Latin Quarter

By RICHARD CARVER

GUALTIER had in his studio a statue, much defaced, wanting somewhat of being finished, yet with a power of line and a delicacy of the unharmed finer parts that spoke of a genius in the sculptor. It was of heroic size, a nude woman borne down by unutterable woe; crouching in an agony of deadly fear.

But it was not until the second year of my studies that I gained the confidence of the morose old master sufficiently to learn the history of the marble. I am indebted to a bottle of his oldest bourgoigne, opened to commemorate some anniversary, obscure to me, for bringing the memories from him.

It set all the quartier agog, yes. The collapse of a house, and the death of all in it were, indeed, news. The more so as it was giggled across the tables of the cafes that the story should have contained more than the simple statement that ancient, crazy timbers had given way beneath an overload. Yet that was the official statement. Names were involved.

But the Comtesse de P—— is now many years with the saints—or elsewhere—so, *mon fils*, you shall comprehend. Attend.

FELIX, we named him, for that his disposition was of the happiest. His studio was upon this very spot. Across the way I dwelt, painting at those little north windows until the light faded. Then we would meet at *la Colombe Bleue* and discuss—many were the discussions. But none were to Felix serious.

Nothing was to Felix serious, save his art. He might have given Rodin—what is it you say in American?—something at which to shoot. Art consumed him.

A big man, dark and dashing as *Mefistofele*, muscled like *Eugen Sandow*. Before his marriage he would strip and pose before the mirror, using his own body as model. Difficult, yes, but his family was poor, though the best of Breton blood. He had to do what he could do: I have seen him half-starve through a month

to buy a tiny chip of marble, no more than a hundred kilos.

BEFORE he married, yes. But afterward different. It was a marriage de convenience. The de P—— were of the last Empire, and of a richness, *Mon Dieu!* They sought to better their blood by buying that which flowed in the veins of Felix. His father arranged it, and Felix but acquiesced. It was of no consequence to him. Nothing but his marble and chisels; his clay and flying thumbs were to him of account. So the marriage was celebrated, and such a settlement was made upon Felix that he no longer posed himself. No. He could pay generously, so had the best.

Yet he loved his old quarters and his old associates. Being of the *Vielle Noblesse*, he could associate with whom he pleased. Not so his wife. She was of the last Empire, a

snob. She insisted upon a mansion; a villa, and winter at Nice. She maintained a position. She squinted abominably, and fat! Name of ten thousand pigs!

Felix liked better his crazy house that had stood upon the hill of Martyrs since the days of Louis X; where those about him cared as little for *les convenances* as he, and as much for the art that was in those days our bread and meat. These insincere ones of today—pah! They see the sights, and waste good charcoal, that might better warm some poor devil rehabilitating a farm in Champagne!

SO Felix, after a month of *la vie de luxe*, came back to us, burning to be at his clay. "I have a wonderful conception, Paul," he told me the evening of his return. "I will carve a figure of Misery. I have seen her in my dreams these ten nights. She shall be all that is sorrowful; discouragement shall be as a garment about her, but there shall be hope in spite of all. I have seen her; I have conceived her."

"But your wife?" I inquire. "You are but a day more than a month married!" "Pouf!" he replied. I have obeyed my father. But I made no vow to wear four suits a day, and play *rouge-et-noir* with bourgeois pigs forever. I was *ennuiye*."

And that was all. That week he received models for *la Misere*. I sat by his side as the best of figures the city contained disrobed and postured before us. For days we feasted our eyes on the bodies of Paris' most perfect women. There was no lack of aspirants, for Felix's luck was the bruit of half the city. Some he tried, but these he sent away after an hour or two. Their breasts were too voluptuous, or their cheeks too plump, or their spines too stiff. All walked, moved, stood, lay, with the *elan* of assurance. Felix was mad with disgust.

He even attempted to model without a figure, flattening angrily many an unsuccessful attempt. "Paul," said he one evening, as the rain drove gustily against the casement, "If this discouragement continues, I shall change to a male figure, and pose once more before the mirror. I shall be in fit condition." He spoke truly, for nearly a fortnight of burning with an idea unexpressed had worn him perceptibly.

I was offering a word of consola-

tion when there was a thump at the street door. Immobile, we waited a repetition, unsure that it could have been the wind. The noise of the storm continued, nothing more, and I went on: "Courage, my old one, tomorrow, perhaps this evening, you will find a figure suitable. Despair not." Then I turned to gossip of the schools, attempting diversion.

NEAR eleven hours I made adieu. Felix saw me to the door with the smoking-taper, which extinguished itself the instant he released the latch. In darkness something fell against my legs. I leapt back with a cry, as the rain swept into the passage. Some apache's victim, garrotted in Felix's doorway? The sound at the door—the wildness of the storm—the well-known savour of the *quartier* at night, filled me with dread.

I bent and fumbled at the still bundle. Bare neck, long wet hair, lax arms. A woman. Felix, quicker than I, already had thrust an arm beneath the shoulders. Gently he lowered the sagging body upon a divan. I pushed close to the studio fire.

A little, narrow-chested figure. Wan, thin, a bruise green upon the collarbone. Another upon the fleshless arm. I poured a liqueur glass of Felix's fiery sherry into the pale mouth that drooped, even in unconsciousness, with a sadness the most infinitely forlorn. She responded with a deepening of the breath.

The creature was clad in a scant chemise, sabots and threadbare cloak. Nothing more, though the month was as raw a March as Paris had felt in a decade. We stripped the dripping stuff from her, and with heated towels brought a faint pink into the skin ghastly white. The breasts showed her but a budding child. Her back—name of a name!—had been beaten blue with a stick. The poor infant was like a Belgian of Namur—how said?—undernourished, yes.

I ran for hot food, and when I returned with the basket beneath my cloak, I found the girl conscious, and Felix radiant. "See, my Paul," he exulted, "It is *la Misere* herself." True, the little one was cowering on the divan, the blanket caught tight beneath her chin, her eyes filled with terror, her mouth sagging with weariness.

She devoured the food like a Boch prisoner; and slept within a minute

(continued on page 37)

How Many Wives Should a Man Have ?

*One Isn't
Necessarily
Too Many !*

By
Alan Du Bois

FASHIONS IN WIVES vary. A good many men take their lives without. Others prefer one lump in the cup; there is no lack of those who prefer two, or three or more—many more. Henry the Eighth had about eight; many a stage or cinema star does his best to get ahead of the English Bluebeard. Bluebeard, himself, had about a dozen. The tale is not over yet, as the man said when his first wife died. A good old Mormon elder thought he had just begun, when he turned the key on his twelfth; a chieftain of Africa would feel ashamed to stop without at least sixty. Back in the good old Biblical days, men had as many wives as business men today have lodge meetings or important business at night in the office. David had a choice assortment, all lengths and sizes and colors; King Solomon went father a good many better, and wound up with seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, or general utility substitutes.

Thibet is the only country in the world now that has the opposite, fractional, or polyandrous method. There a wife has four husbands. Yes, all at the same time, too. Every three months a new hubby moves in, while the former one has nine months off. The men of Thibet are hunters by occupation, facing the perils of the chase and the icy wastes. They earn a vacation.

KING SOLOMON had nothing to do, except rule his empire and get married. But, an old account says, he was like a Ford car when he struck the six hundredth: thoroughly tired.

It was a tiresome job. It took a whole staff of secretaries, auditors, statisticians, and expert accountants to keep straight his book of dates. He didn't see much—that is, often—of any one wife. About once every third year he'd drop around on each one, and be as pleasant a one-thousandth of a husband as he was able. And don't think that the wives were lonely during the other nine hundred and ninety-nine nights. They got along,

somehow; you know, women always do. When he would meet one of his wives, Solomon rarely remembered her name. At last one of his secretaries invented the card index, to keep them straight. There were sixty-two Marys, fifty-seven Annas, thirty-one Miriams, twenty Mabels, Alices, and Dotties, and one hundred and twenty-two Pearls. Of course, they had to wear tags, like the exhibits of a chicken show: "Pearl III, wife of Solomon"; "Pearl LIX, wife of Solomon"; "Pearl CXVIII, Concubine of Solomon." The wives at first were graded as Grade A, Grade B, and Medium; to make the classification more helpful, it was changed to "Strictly Fresh," "Fresh," and "Cold Storage." They were tested, it is said, in the same way that eggs are tested, by scientists skilled in evaluating feminine beauty. There used to be an awful rush for those jobs. There was one young wife in particular— But we'd best get back to our muttons, and leave Solomon's veal displays alone.

THERE IS something to be said for both methods, the Solomonian and the Thibetan. Especially the latter. The prospect of a vacation nine months during the year is an alluring one—isn't it, boys (college) and girls (chorus)? You're actually interested in a wife you haven't seen for much the better part of a year—the part when you're on your vacation. What is a wife, anyhow? To Charlie Norris (see his novel, "Brass") she is a pair of cold feet, stuck up your back when you're fast asleep. To the bachelor, she's a legitimate prey. To the married man, she's often hell, if his own, and heaven if the other fellow's. Some married couples are entirely happy. Just as some lawyers are honest. They usually live in the next town. Until you move there.

If a man's knowledge of the opposite sex were confined to his wife, there would of course be a strong argument for as many wives as possible. We have been told that it isn't. A man like King Solomon didn't have time to flirt with his manicure lady, his stenographer, the little flet mignon at the Follies, the blonde Greenwich Villager, the brunette one, the lady librarian, and the minister's wife. If he liked the looks of any one of them, he simply ordered his secretary to bring out another marriage license. He received wholesale rates on them, of course. If he passed through a foreign land with attractive daughters, he would order an assorted crate to be sent to his palace at once, to let him take his pick. He was a rag-picker, a rag-picker A rag and a bone and a hank of hair.

WHAT IS modern man to do? Too much marriage isn't being done today, in the best circles. The modern woman insists that man owes it to her to have not more than one wife, at least in the same town. Thus we have

the great popularity of manicure kiddoes, chorines, stenographers, and the rest of the flapperhood. Many a man with no taste for mechanics has learned to use the typewriter, and thoroughly enjoyed the process. So the modern method is to have one wife and as many lady friends as his income permits. For the outgo, when women are concerned, is considerable.

It isn't as if it were hard to get a wife. It isn't. There is the joke of the telephone conversation:

"Dat you, Mandy?"

"Sho' dis me!"

"Will you marry me?"

"Sho' I will! Who is it?"

If it were only a joke! But it isn't. Many a man has tried it in haste, and found out how dreadfully serious it is. Marry in haste and repent in Reno; marry in heaven (that's where they're made, remember) and repent

HOW MANY Wives should a man have?

Whereupon we rise to inquire, whose?

Ah, there we open up another field. It all depends on the size collar her husband wears. It's pretty safe to have a man's wife, if he wears a thirteen or smaller. But, when you reach sixteen, it just ain't healthy. We tried it once. Thanks to the excellent hospital system of New York City, we ultimately recovered from the experiment. But we don't recommend your trying it, unless you live in a community with the most up-to-date medical methods.

And what do the women say about it? For a long time, they weren't allowed to say anything. The golden past! But they are getting distinctly vocal. Was it Shaw who said, 'It is better to have a small part of a first rate man, than all of a second-rater'? In any case, there are a lot of women who quite agree with G. B.-S. If they find hubby kept too busy at the lodge, or the office, or whatever he chooses to call it, they put on a little side show of their own. This is an outright invitation to other men to come to the side show—to come early and stay late; to come early and often. The modern wife, too, has quite a taking way about her. The man doesn't have to do the hunting any more; it's all he can do to have any time to himself. Some women prefer a fifty-fifty basis; others do not object, no matter how much a man spends on them. When he isn't able to spend any more, they turn him loose, and look for another poor sucker. Verily, the lot of the modern man in the hands of the modern vampire wife is not a bed of roses. But there are pleasanter things than roses, at that.

After all, this is a question partly economic. Two can live as cheaply as one, some liar said; by the same logic, three can live half as cheaply as one, and four for one quarter as much.

This constitutes a strong argument for as many marriages as the law allows. The modern man sometimes stays at home, and attends to the babies in the Follies, while the wife earns the living. With two wives, he would be twice as prosperous. But there is the law to be considered: and there is, in some quarters, a slight feeling against bigamy.

BIGAMY," explained the negro preacher, "am two wives; trigamy, three! deuteronomy, four; an' any mo' dan dat, trigernometry."

"What's one wife, uncle?"

"One wife? One wife? Lemme see . . . I believe dey calls dat monotony."

There is something to be said for the idea of one wife at a time, if the time isn't too extended. It's like drinking, or smoking. We prefer only one drink at a time; we rarely smoke two pipes together. One after another . . . That is, to some extent, the European custom. In Switzerland, for instance, if husband and wife decide to try a different mate, they simply appear before the court and announce their decision. He gives them a few months to think it over. If they come back, and either is still anxious to separate, divorce it is. Then the second, third, and so on.

AFTER ALL, marriage is the transportation system of life. There come times when we're all anxious to get a transfer, and try another line. It's natural; and it's done. Perhaps the future will bring marriage to as high a point of perfection as the Ford car. If a man leaves his Ford at home, he can take a taxi when he gets down town. And there are Ford service stations all along the route. There are a lot of developments that the future may see.

We will leave the answer to you. That's what we say. But we know that that means leaving it to the better halves. You'll have just as many wives as they decide. If you're unpopular, you may be limited to half a dozen, off and on. If you're a Valentino in looks, a Rockefeller in pocketbook, and a Solomon in that intangible something that women like so well, you can give the rest of the men all the marriage licenses they want, and never be lonely.

THE ART OF MODERN VAMPING

Nothing is more important than to be thoroughly versed in this gentle art, although it is said that the rough stuff a la cave man is more to the point. In any event considering the great numbers and varieties of vamps it is well to become a past master in all its intricate details.

Be sure to read Alan Du Bois' intensely interesting article on this all absorbing topic in the June number.

THE LAND OF THE SPREE and the HOME OF THE GRAVE



\$10

Will be paid to the reader who submits the best sub-title for our magazine. Suggestions must be received before June 1st, and the selected title will appear on the June cover immediately under the name HIGH LIFE. No conditions to the contest other than that all sub-titles submitted should be brief, snappy and fully descriptive of the magazine's character and purpose.

BROADWAY ELEGIES

By RHEINHART KLEINER

AUTHOR OF "FABLES FOR FLAPPERS" AND OTHER POEMS

IV.—ONLY A STENO.

1.

MAY WAS a steno and a blonde,
Whose get up was extremely luring;
And yet no ache for things beyond
Her labors seemed to need a curing.

She took dictation from the boss,
And kept some books and did the mailing;
She never once was at a loss
To keep the bores outside the railing.

In short, she proved of so much use,
And kept her wits so well about her,
The boss had often found excuse
To say he could not do without her.

2.

BUT WHEN at eve she closed her desk,
Put out the light, and sought the stairway,
Oh, then her life was picturesque,
And May enjoyed it in a rare way!

For May was quite in love with Love,
And all its little pangs and pleasures,
But shunned the kind that soared above
The usual and accustomed measures.



She'd no intention to be wooed
 And won—and watched forever after;
 The tender nothings that she coo'd
 Did not endure beyond her laughter.

3.

BUT SHE was kind and fond and warm
 To each succeeding, ardent lover;
 If sunshine fled before a storm,
 She knew that clouds will sometimes hover.

She loved a hand within her hair—
 To feel her ringlets smoothed and twisted;
 When May was kissed she did not care
 For mere compliance, but assisted.

She loved the long and close embrace,
 The sigh, the whisper and the petting;
 And lip to lip, and face to face,
 She'd spend a night with little fretting

4.

PERHAPS SHE played the game too fast,
 Or tried her luck just once too often;
 A stone will wear away at last
 And human hearts are known to soften.

Perhaps, one night, when off her guard,
 And will and wisdom both were straying,
 She had some lover plead too hard—
 Forgot that she was only playing.

Whatever chance or change befell;
 Whether a sad mistake or marriage.
 Resulted in the thing I tell:
 May's been seen with a baby carriage!



"Shame confessed is very different from shame discovered."

The Underlying Sin

By WALTER WILDFLOWER

I HAVE BEEN perfectly all right ever since my marriage.

My husband knows it. He has no right to told one mistake against me. I was only a girl and too young to understand.

The man was very nice and agreeable. He urged me for some time before I could even bring myself to listen to his arguments. I try not to censure him too much. He had known me for a long while and I am sure he was truly fond of me.

I recall bitterly the warmth of the argument that was not so unwelcome at the time. Why did I weaken? The man was not designing and yet I remember the insidious persuasion against my own determination to do what I felt was right. He was a good bit older than my husband. Rather fatherly.

It was something I couldn't discuss with my husband before marriage. I see now that had I done so everything would have been different. Shame confessed is very different from shame discovered.

I see accusation—suspicion—in my husband's eyes every time he looks at me. Sometimes it would seem he is trying to look through me. Perhaps he is afraid I will do it again,

A tropical climate is often advanced as a cloak for sin. My downfall came in zero weather. In summer all would have been different.

Since my marriage I have never even given a thought to such things, but I can never live down the fact that I let a beast of a salesman persuade me to buy all wool underwear and a damned flannel petticoat for my trousseau.

RESULTS

By WILLIAM SANFORD

The Handsome Young Man:—

"Here comes a girl in a knee-high skirt;

Her 'V' shows much more than it should—

I will not look—I'll watch the sky

I'll do what every nice man should!"

The Pretty Maid:—

Here comes a man—a handsome chap!

Let's see what this new costume brings—

Oh, he went right by and didn't look.

I think that men are horrid things!"

HOLLYWOOD AND BROADWAY

Intimate Gossip of Stage and Screen



By "Doc" Fisher

Shooting 'Em Up In Peacock Alley

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA is so closely bound up in the high life of the country that it will be utterly impossible to write the history of the nation, state or municipality without including it. It's Peacock Alley has achieved a mention even greater than Hogan's Alley, from whence sprung the bone and sinew of the land. Presidents, foreign nobility, crooks, courtezans, actresses, society dames and the hoi polloi have rubbed elbows and scrapped pocket-books along its brilliant way.

"I'm going to kill you" echoed vibrantly from one of its quiet little nooks the other evening, and Edna Slayback, society divorcee, came screaming into view, followed by a wild-eyed creature, who struck an attitude of "Curses" as his hand crept around to his hip.

Someone shouted for the police, others took it up, and in the general melee the thirster for vengeance leaped through the swinging doors and into a taxi, with instructions to "drive like the devil." With a flying jump Traffic Officer O'Connor was on the running board and was handed this greeting: "You want a shot too, do you?" and the hand crept to the hip again and out came — a flask of whiskey!

At Jefferson Market, where many an incident finds its sequel from events started in Peacock Alley, he gave his name as Richard Simpson, an actor, hopeful of signing up with the Lexington Opera Company. "I love this little woman," he said of Mrs. Slayback who was there, "and I paid \$9.00 a quart for this hooch—it should be good stuff."

So, even though we have Prohibition, it is written in the records, that "Wine, Women & Song" have not forsaken us.

* * *

**For an actress to show a
good form is not bad form.**

* * *

Oh, Mr. Gallagher!

CAN YOU imagine any actor or actorine holding forth at Times Square in the heart of the theatrical district and telling the world that he is just "a common,

ordinary actor, of no particular ability?" Bah! It just ain't done. And when Ed Gallagher succeeded in putting that "mush" over in his testimony in the recent Shubert law-suit, everyone knew that way down deep in the innermost recesses of his heart, Ed Gallagher was telling himself, that he was the best thing that ever came down the pike and that he could knock all comers dead. Show me a man, woman or child on the stage or screen who doesn't think he is the whole cheese and I'll show you an inflated ego, who boasts through his humility of his great prowess.

Mrs. Gallagher thinks Ed is all to the mustard. She not only likes his act, but thinks well of the \$750 per week he pulls down for doing it. So she is bringing a "Mrs. Gallagher and a Mrs. Shean" to Broadway and she has sicked her attorney on-to Eddie's weekly stipend and when she gets her alimony hooks curled round them there dollars the eagles will choke to death. And it must be that there is someone else who thinks Eddie is right there with the wallop, but Eddie isn't advertising her from the house-tops yet, but Mrs. Gallagher, in due season, will attend to that little thing, when she blazes her name everywhere as the co-respondent in the suit for divorce she is filing.

* * *

**It is claimed that it was an
eye-sight specialist who wrote
the scenario for "Bella Donna."**

* * *

Hollywood Dope

WE HOPE it is true that Universal, Goldwyn, Lasky and the other big studios are actually out to kill the drug evil and not to cover it up, and that their cooperation will be effective. We dislike the nausea of scandal that emanates from anything touched by the hand of Hollywood. We are right there for the good folks of the screen and on that account are plugging for them.

The day will probably arrive when the murderer of William Desmond Taylor will be disclosed. The slimy, serpentine trail of dope will be the road to travel for its solution. There is no question that the drug was the sinister agency that brought him to his death—who can tell but the ravings of some dope-cracked brain will gabble the truth, or some jealous, disappointed queen of the silver sheet, haunted by the spectres of a guilty conscience driving her mad will blurt out her confession. And Sands, too—will he some day come to light and reveal all he knows?

A shot of dope and a revolver shot, killed Taylor. A shot of dope and a revolver shot will reveal the murderer as a death-bed confession is made.

Now, Betty, Fess Up!



BETTY COMPSON

ALL YOUR adoring fans want to know if it isn't true that you and Walter Morosco are—sh-h-h—married. Of course, you have naively said "Nay, 'tis not so." And gallant Walter either wouldn't or doesn't dare call you a—the yumiest little fibberino in all creation.

BUT then, we all remember that May Allison denied she was married to Bob Ellis; Harold Lloyd did the same thing about Mildred Davis (and what a zippy honeymoon they had), Anna Q. Nilsson for a while didn't want folks to know that she was to be kept in boo's and shoes for the rest of her life, by saying she had married John Gun-nison, whose dad is the shoe man.

FESS UP, BETTY!

New York Managers Asleep!

ONE WOULD think that the pathetic experience of Laurette Taylor, begging feverishly for a chance to express her genius, would still be fresh in the memories of New York producing managers.

In all other lines of artistic endeavor the struggle ends when the genius has been discovered. And that is where the unusualness of the case of Bertha Broad comes in. Here she is, the perfect young Juliet of the American stage, the most "widely discussed person on Broadway," to-day playing the small part of Ingrid in "Peer Gynt" at the Shubert Theatre, "a bit made notable," as James Craig of the "Evening Mail" has put it, "by a great actress."

Bertha Broad is only a very young girl who has already accomplished that which most actresses never do and which few ever attempt before they are well nigh fifty—she has play-

ed Juliet. Did it four years ago, not in a small town stock company but opposite Walter Hampden, the best Shakespearian actor on the stage to-day. And it was played as near New York as Mr. Hampden has even given his Romeo and Juliet production, at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn.

Many who saw that production still rave enthusiastically when they speak of it today. One journalist who mentioned "the soul dissolving beauty of Miss Broad's performance" has stated: "I left the theatre in what must have been radiant elation; a perfect Juliet had been born—" and he added the painfully-wise prophecy—"but New York would not know of her for some time."

New York Producing Managers: Where, oh, where have you been meandering to overlook this 100 to 1 bet during this Shakespearian revival?

Lou Tellegen, a He-Vamp

MEET LOU TELLEGEN, the Keeper of a Tight Purse and the Romeo of Park Benches and Darkened Vestibules.

Geraldine Farrar is no piker and wouldn't tolerate one—that's why Lou has been given the gate. The High Life of Lou's is not the richly lighted Broadway Cafe, or the limousines and the richly furnished private rooms of clubs and hotels—but park benches and the girl's front door vestibules.

The recent testimony in the now famous divorce case disclosed that Lou, on a bench on Riverside Drive and 111th street, from midnight until two in the morning, with an actress in his arms, gave such wonderful soul kisses and overwhelming demonstrations of affections that its description was only allowed after reporters had been excluded from the room and the testimony ordered sealed. Oh, boy! The most we will ever know is that an eye witness testified it was beyond his wildest imagination of love; that it beggared description.

Lou, so it was shown, would jump from one vestibule to another, holding little petting parties for hours at a time, and the range of his activities appeared to be as many as three vestibules of an evening, with three different girls all unknown to each other, time ranging from 11 in the evening until 8 the next morning. Who said anything about the high cost of loving?

* * *

Even the slowest "extra" in the studio can ride on a fast train.

* * *

Pola Negri; Actress or Pugilist?

THERE follows in the wake of

Pola Negri such a succession of misunderstandings, grievances and disillusionments that many are wondering whether Charles Chaplin will get a taste of the medicine he handed Mildred Harris, when he marries the screen star of passionate roles, if he ever does.

Her latest tilt was with George Fitzmaurice, her director, and he quit in the middle of a big scene. However, George has been mollified and is back on the job again. Conway Tearle, the leading man in her picture "Bella Donna" told her she was too much "Up-stage" to suit him.

Her recent tilt with Gloria Swanson is too fresh to need retelling.

* * *

Some birds certainly wear fine feathers.

* * *

Edith Day Courageously Radical

NEW YORK must be festered with love nests if we heed the little whisperings along Broadway, but it is all conjecture and surmise and not to be spoken about audibly. It isn't advertised, even by those most calloused.

Now comes Edith Day with a code, not original with her by any means, but sensationally hers in that she is a pioneer in



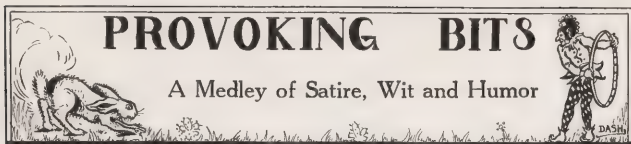
Helen Hardwick

Han Ed Wynn to your heart's content, but give him credit boys, when it comes to picking Prima Donnas. If Helen isn't the niftiest little peachinero along the Rialto then your optics need glasses or your tortoise-shells need adjusting!

publicly establishing it as a belief and upholding it as the highest form of purity in love. Her philosophy allows any married woman to fall in love with any married man, to break up established home ties, to be named as mutual correspondents, to have children by him out of wedlock—provided she intends to eventually marry him. Therefore, it is libelous for anyone to link her name with any man, other than the one of the liaison, because to do so stamps her as promiscuous, ordinary and fickle.

And because someone linked her name with other than Pat Somerset, she pell-mells into court to maintain her reputation, according to her standard of morality.

And not a protest by the Christian Endeavorers is heard!

**IT HAS HAPPENED**

The editor who takes a young lady in his lap when he calls, yet does not propose may simply be holding her for further consideration!

THE PURITAN'S CATECHISM
Heaven

A land without: liquor; motion pictures; poker; tobacco; jazz; the fox trot; snappy books; interesting women. Presumably the destination of: reformers; cranks; virtuous old maids; the chemically pure 1%.

Hell

A land without: censorship; the ten commandments; virgins; blue Sundays, prohibition; deadly virtues; dull people and duller books. Presumably the chosen destination of, thank God, the rest of us!

Donald T. Duncan.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

A sad-eyed individual staggered up to a crowd standing about a r'gging.

"Whazza matter here?" he inquired.

"Oh, we're just watching this drilling machine."

"What they drilling for?"

"Water."

The sad-eyed individual turned sharply and staggered away, muttering:

"And to think we'd ever come to this."

—Benton Bunch.

EYES

Her dress is cut so low and short,
To every dance she'll don it;
It brings to mind a peacock, there
Are many eyes upon it.

THE SWEET THINGS

Why must two girls in love with the same man think it necessary to kiss each other before their acquaintances when they would rather tear out each other's hair?

ALL HAIL**HIS MAJESTY!****CONNUBIAL CHAMBER WHIZ**

You see Kitty an' I spent the first night after our "life sentence" with her ole folks.

'Bout ten, I heard her ole man come a snucking down the hall in his socks. He stopped and rapped on our door.

I ups and grabs my shoes in one hand and my clothes in t'other, jumped out the window, an' say, did I run?

"What did you hike out for?"

By Jove! You know, I forgot I was married!

—Sig McCrary.

IN THE EMERALD ISLES

"What do we want with them nuisances," remarked Saint Patrick, as he chased the last snake into the ocean. "A man will never have to get bit by one uv them things to get a drink in this country."

WHAT ABOUT THE CHICKENS?

His father bought him a farm, but all he raised there was a mustache, the devil and jack-pots!

MANY WISH IT

A great many things are offered on thirty days free trial now. I wish I had got my wife that way—I would have taken her back the next day.

HEART-BURN

My heart-burn gets worse every day,
Soon perhaps, I'll die;
It's all because my heart's on fire
With love for Mary Bly.

QUITE NATURAL

His fiancée's name was Kitty
There's nothing strange in that,
Or in hearing her jilted rival
Proclaiming she was a cat!

—William Sanford.

BILLS

Oh, the bills, the bills,
Of bill and coo;
How will I pay them—
I wish I knew.

HARD TIMES,

BROTHER

Mr. Henpeck emptied out fifteen gallons of mash in the sink and remarked sadly: "Seems like the only thing that can be home brewed successfully is trouble."

MURDER

"You've killed a man, you say," shouted the City Editor into the mouthpiece of the telephone.

"Yes," said the sweet, young voice at the other end, "and if you'll send over a reporter, I'll tell you all about it."

The girl gave an address. The city editor feared a trap. He called back. The same voice. Yes, she had killed a man.

The entire staff was shot out. Reporters, sob sisters, photographers, sketch artists. The city editor phoned police, a flying squadron was sent to the scene.

The woman almost swooned when the various parties arrived.

"It's all a mistake," she said, "I didn't want a reporter. I wanted an advertising man, to take some copy. I thought if I said I killed a man he would come quicker."

The police sergeant didn't hesitate to say what he thought of the city editor.

—W. D.

PREPAREDNESS

Stella drives the fellows mad;

Although she don't refuse To ride with them in limousines—

She brings her walking shoes.

QUERY

I treat her to as fine a meal,

As ever she did eat; And yet she calls for more and more—

What shall I do, retreat?

THE LOVER

A lover is a gangling youth with a cracked voice at fifteen, a poet at nineteen, a man of the world at twenty-one, a fraying thatched bachelor at thirty, a corpulent broker at forty, a testy clubman at fifty, and beyond fifty—Ah Dante! There is your divine comedy.

Donald T. Duncan.

MARRIAGE

Man proposes,
In words of honey,
Woman disposes
Of all his money.

OPEN TO ARGUMENT

Dear Editor:—While visiting Lake Idlewild at Kenton, O., I saw a sign in a prominent place reading:

"Fishing 25c
Boats 25c as long as you fish."

Now use your own judgment as to the interpretation.

Very truly yours,
A COLLEGE DUDE.

HIS BOSS' VOICE

Your attention to Miss Milling
During office hours
won't work,
For you're booked here
as a billing
And not a cooling clerk.

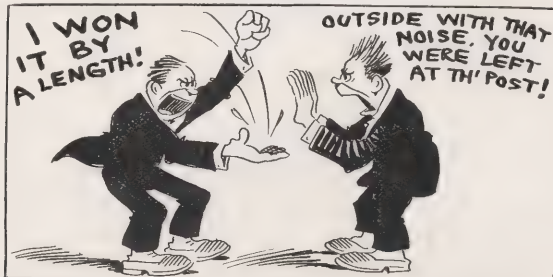
ANTI-VOLSTEAD VERSE

The 18th Amendment
made thirsty folks ill,
For they drank of the
juices that wouldn't
distill.

SYNONYMOUS

Black—Once in France
we had to remain still
while the enemy was
charging at the front. It
was terrible!

White—It must have
been. I find it pretty
terrible to remain still
sometimes when my wife
is charging at the depart-
ment stores!



SIGNS OF SPRING

"I am so apt to go to extremes. If I could only strike a happy medium, but I don't believe in cruelty to Spiritualists," sobs Lou.

HOITY TOITY

By LOU NARY

Q *"Isadora Duncan goes off in a tiff,"—headline. Good! It's more than she usually wears.*

A Feminist's Rights

J MET A prominent feminist the other day and watched her exercising her rights in a w. k. restaurant.

Her right was crossed over her left and gave the men a perfect right to view both her right and left. Whether they were perfect or not is a matter of personal opinion, but they were copious. She was man's equal.

But she did not exercise her right to bring her own cigarettes. Or her own matches.

She rolled her own socks but not her cigarettes.

She didn't care a go-ram about standing up for her own rights and paying the dinner check or even offering to, as a man would.

When they were dancing he had her right foot forcibly impressed on his. Then he knew he was the underdog.

And when they went home she thought she had a right to ride in a taxi but it was his right to pay for it. The man didn't think so. Perhaps he was right, but she thought he was all wrong.

When they got home he asked for the right to kiss her. Did she say "All right"? She did not! She said, "Your place is right there!" As she pushed him out into the street.

The feminist will surely get her rites at her funeral.

Then nobody will gainsay it.

Q *Girls are trying to conceal vaccination marks. Why this sudden modesty? In these modern days can it make any difference where the scar is?*

What Is a Girl To Do?

A S I WAS swinging my legs on a stool in one of New York's popular soda sipping joints and consuming with a great gusto a ham and egg Sundae I ruminated upon the high cost of radium and decided not to do it. No,

\$29,250,000 was too much to pay for a pound. I would worry along without it for a while.

It was time I chose a career. What was I to do? I might get married, but I wouldn't give a German mark for any man I know. A bright idea struck me! I would read over the Classical Ads in the paper and go to work. I put my elbow upon my knee and made a noise like the Thinker. I am so apt to go to extremes, if I could only strike a happy medium, but I don't believe in cruelty to Spiritualists.

I'll go home and get all jazzed up in my best clothes and new maribone scarf and see if I wouldn't feel better. When I got there I found the cook had left. We had just moved way up town and her husband found that it was altogether too far for him to come and have lunch with her every day.

I have been reading a lot about the lure of the diamond lately and it shows a row of boys in baseball clothes. I don't see the joke myself, but, mebbe, after all, if the right man handed me a couple of carats I'd find it alluring, too.

Mr. Freud has given place to Mr. Coue, but life is still just as complex as ever.

Q *Is a Jugoslav as good
as a keg o' Beer?*

Turkish Raids.

LEAVE IT TO the Dry Agents to think up something exciting to do! Oh, Boy! Business has been very still with them lately so they armed themselves with revolvers and raided a turkish bath on ladies' day. What they saw was intoxicating we'll say. It is rumored that they found what they went for. All this happened in Philadelphia and it wasn't much different from the Follies any night in the week.

Charlotte Russe Takes the Count

WOMEN HAVE done their durndest to imitate men. Even though they don't care about doing things they are going to do them just to prove they are men's equal. And they'll do it even if they lose every bit of femininity they ever had.

Yea, verily, they have taken to baseball and sprinting and house painting and goodness knows what.

It is rumored that Mrs. Chutney Goulash MacAdoodle is promoting a fight between Battling Dinah Johnson and Kiddo Maggie O'Toole. They have both been training for years with washtubs and mops and Dinah claims she will knock Mag out in the first round. Mag says there's nothing to it and Dinah'll have a coupla blacker eyes than she's got now, when she gets through with her. The four hundred have given their orders for the latest thing in costumes for a prize fight and the betting is strongly in Mag's favor. No hitting above the belt is allowed.

Rambling Sense And Nonsense

Some Editorial Thoughts

MAY, 1923

George Julian Houtain discusses Reformers, Woman's Rights and Hearst

TWO REFORMERS WERE enjoying a little dope party of their own after an arduous day's fixing and pulling of certain political wires against the demon rum. As they each took a "shot" the fatigue left their faces, their shoulders straightened and into their eyes came that wonderful million dollar look.

"I haven't quite decided," patronized one, "whether I shall accept appointment as the National Prohibition Director, at an annual salary of \$150,000."

"Zatso?" nonchalantly queried the other. "Well, as a matter of fact, I haven't quite made up my mind to let Harding appoint you."

P. S. The "Shot" they took was a reading of one of Wayne B. Wheeler's confidential bulletins to the Congress and Departments instructing them in their daily governmental functions.

LET IT BE said that **HIGH LIFE** is first, last and always an exponent of all those things which women not only demand, as a right, but are entitled to as a matter of equity and justice. The granting of equal suffrage is only a slight dent in that

100% freedom and complete emancipation which will eventually be hers.

Any man who stands in the way of the realization of this program is either a jack-ass, a has-been or a never-waser.

Any woman who elevates an eye-brow or frowns in protest should be made to wear flannel petticoats and long-sleeved woolen shirts as a symbolism of her antiquity.

THE RIGHTS of the individual are superior to the rights of a community. That is why every paid Doc

Me and Rockefeller Joy Squeezer Reformer should be spanked and set to doing honest work. It is the reason every ranting hypocritical legislator who curries favor with any sand-bagging, hit-'em-below-the-belt anti-this or anti-that reform league, should be jailed for life.

We contend that any law-maker who votes for legislation restricting the personal liberties of our people or to curtail the right of free speech and a free press (including motion pictures) because of the threats or intimidations of any reform lobby is a worse criminal than a bribe taker.

For that reason we are glad that the Anti-Saloon League has been judiciously declared a political committee and as such compelled to disclose how, when and where it spends its money.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., agrees with **HIGH LIFE**, and with the District Attorney of New York County, as is disclosed by this statement of his:

"We feel that the source of all receipts of an organization such as the Anti-Saloon League should be made known and also that a full public accounting should be made of the use of the money so contributed. An organization whose purpose is to influence public opinion can hardly afford to have financial secrets."

Evolution



Of Us Mortals

IF THERE IS a riot on the east-side; or Mrs. Jones has triplets; or Niagara sweeps a human over its Falls; or a poorly-fed, emaciated movie actor complains about his \$10,000 weekly salary; or the Bugville Bladder falls in circulation; or the legislature doesn't approve of Wall Street regulation; or tax-payers have to stand in line all week to receive auto license plates; or Jiggs gives Dinty Moore a terrific swoon on the beazer; or Mt. Vesuvius or Henry Cabot Lodge, erupts; or Civic Virtue catches a spring cold; or a manhole explodes, killing several pedestrians—there are 4,671,328 by actual count, who blame it on William Randolph Hearst, his chain of newspapers, his numberless magazines or his motion picture presentations.

Each and every one of the howls are exactly 4,671,328 compliments to the most dominating figure in the progressive life of our Nation today.

And if the record of William Randolph Hearst, as it is imperishably written in deeds of accomplishment are not sufficient testimonials, why then ask the crooked political bosses whom he has driven from power; ask the high-handed financiers, whose grabbing schemes he has ruined by pitiless publicity; ask the swindlers whom he has put behind the prison bars; ask the countless others whom he has made to pay and suffer for the greater good of all, and then be convinced.

Agree or disagree, as you will, with the policies of William Randolph Hearst but be fair, at all times, in your appraisal of the great good he has wrought not once, but countless times.

PROHIBITION HAS PROVEN itself to be a playful little mix in that it has created liars and law-breakers in wholesale quantities; forced men to the use of opiates, an almost hopeless habit to break; made men drink, who never before drank, so that in this way they could register their protest against the injustice of the law; turned increased dividends into the pockets of the undertaker's industry; and generally brought us into disrepute by stamping our country as a law-defying nation.

The overshadowing crime is that so-called Christian men and women, who should preach the Word and teach men to follow in the path of righteousness, not by forcing them onto the path, but by precept and the inculcation of high ideals, prompting in them an earnest and sincere desire so to travel, have brought this dire calamity upon us, to our everlasting shame and disgrace.

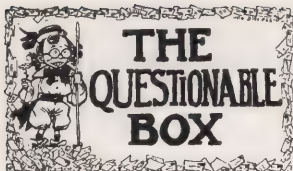
THERE CAN BE no question that the Bible does not prohibit divorce or separation. The New Testament has been erroneously quoted on the subject by prejudiced translators. In Biblical days there was no exacting red-tape procedure. The wife either packed her belongings and skedaddled or was thrown out and that ended the matter so far as formality was concerned.

"In Heaven, there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage," was the answer of Jesus when he was questioned as to which was the rightful husband of the woman who had seven. No creed, no theology or churchly restriction about that answer.

A civil matter, surely, and one wholly and solely regulated by man. Aside from the question of religion, there are divorce laws and they have to be recognized. In fact, man has created 57 brands of them, all leading to unrest and confusion. In some states he makes his peer a lawfully wedded individual, in others the same man is branded as living in unlawful wedlock, and again, in still others, he is prosecuted as a bigamist. A fine mess for a boasting civilization.

The answer, of course, is one national divorce and marriage law covering all states.

—George Julian Houtain



All Inquiries Will Be Answered By
LITTLE LAUGHING WATER
The Famous Spirit Control

Q. Our club is having a debate. Help me by telling me if Eve was more important than Adam?

—Reggy Debatorium

A. No. She was only a side issue.

Q. How do you pronounce Llandudno?

—Howard Spelleritus.

A. The L is as silent as in Third Avenue.

Q. A thief stole my new silk petticoat. What is to be done?

—Peggy Bloomersonly.

A. Have him arrested for petty larceny.

Q. Is it safe to make love to a model?

—Frank Lovesemso.

A. Yes, if it is a wax window model.

Q. When my boys are old enough to decide on a career what shall I advise?

—Mother Perplexedso.

A. Make one a coal man and the other an ice man and your worries will be over.

Q. What is a round robin?

—William Anatomyus.

A. They neither fly nor perch on trees and aren't round. Nor are they a robin. Now, ask me?

Q. What is meant by the social scale?

—Grace Climberup.

A. It is where people are weighed in the balance—and the bank balance is the answer.

Q. Do you think a woman should take her husband's name when she marries?

—Charlotte Bridesbirdie.

A. Why not? She takes everything else.

Q. What do you think of Barnum's fat woman who divorced her 300 lb. husband?

—Mayme Thinascanbe.

A. A parting of the weighs.

Q. Wasn't it scandalous. A man came up and kissed me in a public place?

—Belle Flirtsohard.

A. Since when has your mouth been a public place?

Q. Why is the average wife like a temporary position?

—Teddy Womanhater.

A. Perfectly all right until something better turns up.

Q. Am anxious to know about the Darwinian Theory? What is it?

—Susie Hairype.

A. Monkey business.

Q. If my bow wow started to rage around in the cellar would the coal shute?

Henry Likemspeedy.

A. I don't think so, but perhaps the kindling wood.

Q. I'm so sorry for a little bow-legged boy on our block. Do you think it will handicap him in life?

—Izzy Sorrierthanell.

A. I fear that he will never go straight.

Q. My physician told me that if I didn't stop chewing my finger nails I would grow feeble-minded. Do you think I will?

—Jimmy Muhnuttier.

A. Well, why don't you stop?

Q. I fell down and broke my leg and my father in Texas will be so unstrung. What shall I do?

—Sally Soperturbie.

A. Wire him.

Q. What fish can speak?

—Norton Aquariumsky.

A. A sardine can.

Q. Can you suggest something more interesting as reading than "Foot-prints on the Sands of Time?"

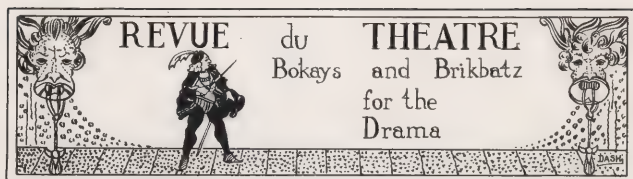
—George Stripesuit.

A. Sure! Finger-prints on the Police Records!

Q. Do you believe in tipping waiters?

—Arthur Jellyfish.

A. Not if they are carrying hot soup.



Not So Much Shakespeare

By MAJOR WILLIAM B. DWIGHT
Distinguished Stage Authority and Critic

THE THEATRICAL atmosphere here in New York, recently so heavily charged with promises or threats of Shakespeare by the wholesale, has been relieved of this weighty pressure. Cooling and tempering breezes have dispelled the heavy air which was so disturbing to the comfort of the tired business man, and to many other kinds of theatre goers, if truth be told.

We will not get multitudinous revivals or survivals of the plays of the Bard of Avon. Many ambitious and aspiring actresses, who admit they can play the famous heroines—and whose publicity agents are almost sure their charges can perform satisfactorily in the traditional roles—will have to postpone their desires.

Several "well known" male stars, of comparatively recent appearance in the Thespian firmament, who have never tried Shakespeare but who are more than willing to take a chance, will have to await further developments.

FOR CONDITIONS do not warrant the managers returning to palmy days customs when author's royalties were the least of the producer's troubles.

This season's record of achievement, as to Shakespeare, while good is not good enough to invite more efforts or to inspire much confidence in further gestures.

JOHN BARRYMORE scored a Hamlet, but escaped for rest from what looked like a long run and a profitable one.

One fine actress, Ethel Barrymore, made a poor choice of her Shakespearean heroine and essayed Juliet to almost a total loss.

Another fine actress, Jane Cowl, makes a beautiful Juliet and plays the part to the satisfaction of large and delighted audiences.

David Warfield has gratified his ambition to appear as Shylock, aided and abetted by David Belasco, and this re-

sult has been accomplished up to date without casualties. In fact mutual admiration is said to have merged into mutual satisfaction on the part of the two Davids, which is pleasant tidings.

In the near, the very near future, we are to have Marjorie Rambeau as Rosaline which happening can be endured and if I may predict, will be enjoyed.

Then too, Walter Hampden expects to be in our midst in the early fall, with Shakespearean call, but Hampden is a regular and not a volunteer.

And apparently "that's all there is—there isn't any more."

SPRING FANCIES

MEANWHILE, now in what ought to be the waning season, according to the best authority, runs are established, new productions are made constantly and run nearly true to form for some survive and some languish. Kane's store house still continues to do business in quite the usual way. We have had a chance to further art in two directions a la Russe. We could visualise, even if we could not audibly receive the art of the Moscow players in serious drama or we could view the accomplishments of the Chauve Souris group along lighter lines of effort. The "critics" tell us that we have had a great privilege vouchsafed us in the opportunity given us to patronize the Moscow Art Theatre transferred but not translated to us in its entirety. Well, we must take some one's word for it as no words reach us from the stage that we are in the habit of using. Anyway it is a great triumph for Morris Gest and incidentally it is a recognition of an institution under the Soviet Government which seems to be the only recognition that government is likely to get from us Americans.

SIGNS AND OMENS

THE TITLES bestowed on plays are often puzzling, sometimes baffling and occasionally prophetic. Let me cite three instances of "signs" hung on three offerings, featuring three actresses who flit between the screen and the stage: People who believe in omens have had their faith strengthened by the fate which befell

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Florence Reed's play during her late invasion of the spoken drama. The play flopped. But that's nothing. Lots of plays flop. The point is in the title which was "Hale and Farewell" and that's what happened. And then there is the vehicle found for Emily Stevens, which, regardless of the merits of the play, seems through its title, "The Sporting Thing to Do" to issue a defiance to the screen and a challenge to the stage.

The label which goes with Pauline Frederick's effort, "The Guilty One" apparently leaves nothing to determine for it establishes a verdict. As to the fate of this play I am unable to report, for at this writing the jury is still out.

THE PROBLEM PLAY

THE OTHER DAY, a friend of mine asked me to recommend a problem play. I advised him to see "The Old Soak" which deals with one of the greatest problems the American people have ever had and one which isn't settled by any means even if it has been put in the Constitution.

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Without the Aid of Monkey Glands

By WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

The Celebrated Author, Writer and Lecturer

*'As if the rose should shut,
a d be a bud again'*

remarked Shakespeare. The spectacle of a middle-aged woman trying to turn back the clock, and regain her frisky period never has been an edifying one. Too much hair dye and rouge, and flapper costuming defeats its own aim merely showing up the ravages of time.

But now we have the amazing statement that a Viennese doctor has discovered a rejuvenating treatment that not only restores adolescent beauty, but the emotions of sweet sixteen!

NO MONKEY-GLANDS, but an X-ray treatment, and suddenly the dried-up veins and arteries course with the red blood of youth, and naturally, beauty follows, and after that, the pulsing, throbbing Joy of Living! If winter comes, what care we: we can just go to Vienna, and take the cure, and lo the Life Force brings all the charm of a youthful existence. It is as if the dehydrated vegetables, dried and dusty, receive the revivifying water, and freshen up and fill out, and become again fresh spinach and corn and cranberries.

NO, DO NOT ask the doctor's name, or even whether it is true that the treatment is given in New York city: just read the current novel by Gertrude Atherton, "Black Oxen."

Of course there is much else to the book—it is a masterly study of several generations of American women; of the manners and customs of "High Society" in the great metropolis. It pictures potently the formality of sixty years ago, and the grand-daughter flapper, who meets men on their own ground, to compete with fast women.

But who will stop to study the exquisite style of the writing, or the interesting shades of contrast, when this world-shaking discovery of rejuvenation is hinted at?

The heroine returns to New York from having lived the life of a Grande Dame in Hungary. She is so like a belle of two generations ago, that the former friends of that Mary, who married a Hungarian nobleman, suppose her to be the woman's illegitimate

daughter. Mystery adds to the excitement, until the secret is divulged that it actually is the woman of sixty, rejuvenated, if you please! To her own amazement, she falls in love, and with a man of thirty-four. It is some jolt (as modern youth would say) to the young man to learn her age, but he rallies, because of her super-feminine charm.

We will not divulge the outcome of the story, but the vital problem confronts us:—If we could begin again, in beauty and vivacity, yet in our minds realizing all the tempestuous struggles and disillusionments of experience, would we desire to go over it all again? . . . A vast question.

BLACK OXEN . . . Gertrude Atherton
Bon! & Liveright

THE WOMAN DOES NOT PAY
ANOTHER fascinating novel, but one far simpler, is the study of two ultra-modern girls who trample on

the oldtime conventions, and have love affairs with married men.

"A wife who parks her husband runs a terrible chance!" flippantly comments Irene, in justifying herself for consoling a Big Business man whose wife travels and leaves him alone. There is some truth in the assertion.

The heroine is a college girl; the friend, a clerk in a department store. Grace is obliged to leave college and work at the same humble task because of financial stringency, and she learns about men from her frivolous friend. Motorcars and all night parties at a rich man's country home in a suburb, with gifts of emerald rings and thousand-dollar bonds are all in the day's work for Irene, and we must confess that Grace takes to the life as a duck to water. Although gentle qualms are mentioned, she seldom hesitates, but takes the good the gods provide, and asks her escort to kiss her, as he is not such a live one as the host of the bungalow.

The love affair between these two is of an exalted nature, and the man hints vaguely at getting his wife to divorce him, but is very ineffectual when he has a chance to suggest this to his spouse, who has ultra liberal views on the subject, and presumably could be induced to do her share easily. The married pair have practically lived apart for years.

The heroine lies so readily to her

parents that one almost gasps. It is not a question of fibbing when cornered and frightened, but she lies as fast and smoothly as she can talk. If that is modern, we are a bit old-fashioned. Her qualms of conscience in the end, when there positively is no reason for any, and her drifting along indifferently without her lover, after death has charmingly cut the Gordian-knot, are inexcusable.

The thin plot and this cheap trick of delaying the denouement are not worthy of Meredith Nicholson, who so admirably portrays character and paints the modern girl. His conversa-

(Continued on Page 46)

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giving arms or did he kick her out and throw her back 'on the town.'

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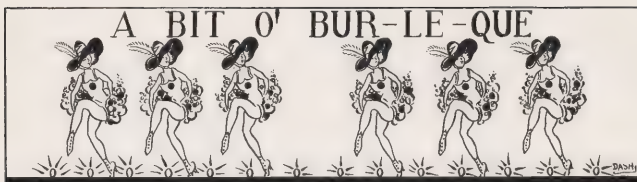
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Indiantown's Nightingale

By WILLIAM DOWDELL

Former City Editor of the Cleveland Press

JUST INSIDE the star marked door of a second floor dressing room she sat—a curious figure. Heavy underwear showed thru the baggy cotton tights that covered her spindle like legs. For wardrobe she wore a strange gingham creation, trimmed in tinsel, that stopped above a pair of bony knees. Her face showed crude attempts at makeup. And through the grease paint now there were two rivulets of tears.

For weeks Marie—the name will do—had headlined the bill at the theatre in Indiantown. Her name had been featured in the advertising and billing that it was my job to write. "Our Own Prima Donna," and "Indiantown's Nightingale," the advertising called her. Marie was a favorite. Her name meant a good house.

THE curtain has just gone down.

The stage crew busily shoves gaudy scenery against whitewashed walls. Below the girls of the chorus chatter idly and loudly as they dress. Out in the theatre the musicians display unusual pep in the exit march. The audience, smiling, happy and donning overcoats, are leaving the playhouse. Candy butchers, minus their white coats now, stand in the rear ready to swoop down the aisles and regain discarded prizes from the candy boxes they sold during the intermission. In the alley outside the theatre the autos of the "johns" spug and chutter as they are parked near the stage entrance to await the coming of the darlings. Now the house is empty. A tired combination billposter and doorman is putting out the last lights. Only the pilot light back stage is burning.

Marie was telling me her story now. And she cried as she progressed.

* * *

A SMALL Indiana town. A beautiful and accomplished girl of 17. Ambitions for the stage. Stern parents of another mind. An attempt to

run away from home and join a show troupe in a nearby town. Failure. Marriage to Jake, the town plumber. The birth of Marie.

The ambition and longing for the footlights of the mother it appeared had been reborn in the daughter, but the two prime essentials for stage success, beauty and ability, had not. But both mother and daughter were blind to this and looked forward to the day when Marie would be a great actress.

Marie is twenty. Thirty. Forty. Fifty. Then at fifty-five this woman left the old town and journeyed to the state capitol determined that the wishes of the aged mother would be fulfilled.

First came letters. The managers in Indiantown were using Marie. The theatre going public was becoming acquainted. Soon came newspaper clippings and advertisements. Marie was being billed in star like fashion—"In Person—Not a Picture," one advertisement said after her name; "The One and Only Marie," read another.

The mother died believing that her
(continued on page 36)

The LAY of the WINTER FLANNELS

For Men Only

By MARION MUNNIE

THE CALENDAR records the fact that Spring has come at last, but heed this warning that I give and do not act too fast. A warm day comes and we are hot, our woollens itch and cling, but do not let this fool you just because you know its Spring. The lady is deceitful and her bag is full of tricks; don't take off heavy underwear because you find it sticks. I know a man who changed his once, he's not alive to-day. He shed his long legged fleecy ones and said, "It's good. Hooray!"

THE MORROW brought the cold winds back, his poor old legs were froze. He said, "I have no sense at all to take off winter clothes. The gooseflesh stands up on my arm, I shiver like a leaf, I wish I had them on again, these legs are so darned brief." He caught neuritis and a cold, he got the rheumatiz, he had some pains sciatic and a toothache in his phiz. He had some chills and fever and at last he got the flu; and all these things I tell you of, mayhap will get you too.

SO HEED your Grandmama's advice that Winter still is here. Just watch the girls, they are so wise, tho you may think them queer. When Springtime comes the girls begin to button up their coats and buy new furs with which to tie around their swanlike throats. All Winter they have let you peep at ankles silk and sheer which they exposed to wind and rain without the slightest fear; but cashmere hides their beauty now, they do so fear the cold, and pretty knees no longer show as when they wore them rolled. So men just follow in our path, we know just what to do. The undertaker needs a job and has his eye on you.

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THE MAN FROM NOPLACE

(Nothing in Particular—and Very Little of That)

By JAMES J. JENNINGS

Introducing the Principal Characters and the Story

Prince Circulars, A Nobleman from Foolishania

Watta Lyar, Street Manicurist for the City of Hoboken, whose palatial home, Chateau de la Mosquita, is situated on the west bank of the Rue de Blackjack, main artery of the nervous system of Hoboken's streets.

Ima Lyar, his wife, inconsistent and questionable.

Ura Lyar, his only daughter, a girl.

Watta cannot distil home brew but he knows where a closely guarded recipe for making it is hidden. Not having the nerve himself to steal it and having been ragged into doing

something desperate by his wife's clamorous insistence for home brew, he sends for the unscrupulous Prince Circulars to steal it for him. When the Prince arrives the plot thickens fast and furious. The story starts nowhere, ends nowhere; may be begun in the middle and read backward or as the reader pleases. It's a medley of humor, wit and slap-stick comedy and should only be read by those who enjoy good laughs. Prince Circulars is not only a first class villain, but like all villains is a passionate multitudinous lover. Keep your eyes open for the dirty work. Now to go on with the story—

Chapter the Nine

THE PRINCE SPRINTS—SITTING DOWN

IMA LYAR was alone the following morning when the Prince entered the breakfast room, otherwise the kitchen. The nobleman had had a very busy nocturnal rest, while the insectivorous inhabitants of his bed had the time of their buggorious lives.

"Oh! how wonderful you are!" he exclaimed upon seeing her. Her abundant form was encased in a tight fitting house dress that came from Turkey. One could really see the grease all over it. "But what hit you m' dear?" asked the Prince.

"Not so," she smiled a reply in the negative. "Them's not blood, it's earrings!"

"Remarkably absolute!" exclaimed the Prince with a silly, tho' relieved, expression.

After breakfast, which consisted mostly of Boston cream pie and conversation, the latter donated by Ima, Ura arrived, and she and the Prince, who was now perfectly at home, departed for the corral, where they started the airdrohyplane and soared away into the heavens, which is as near to that classical haven as the Prince need ever expect to get!

In two minutes they were flying over the city of Philadel-

phia and could distinctly see the hogs roaming hither and yon around Hog Island!

"We are goin' rawther fawst," stated the nervous one.

"Oh, my no!" contradicted Ura. "We are goin' only ninety miles a minuet!"

"Only," whispered the shaking nobleman, as he mopped his damp brow "What if we should meet someone up here?"

"No chance," Ura replied. "This is Friday. No meat today."

The Prince laughed, but it may have been nervousness.

In less time than it takes to write it, Ura had turned the machine. They were now far below the Mason (shoe polish) Dixon (graphite) line, and were anchored on the surface of that body of water that forms the Inland Water Way, at Atlantic City. They decided to rest a minute, for a few hours, and fish.

As a fisherman the nobleman was a great drinker! He knew that water was a vital necessity for one if one particularly wished to fish for fishes, but there all his knowledge in the matter ceased. Ima hypnotized four or five nine pound flounders to use for bait, and they went to it to try their luck. Dame Luck must have gone out with the tide, for at the end of five hours, if they caught the two fish they were fishing for and had one already caught they would have had three.

"You're a heluva fisherman!" burst out the effeminate Ura.

"Ura Lyar! How can you be so rude?" exclaimed the astonished Prince.

"Don't call me a liar or I'll knock you from under your title!" advised Ura.

"Remarkably absolute!" said the Prince, as he prepared to jump overboard, if necessary.

"When did you learn to fish?" asked Ura, in her most biting manner.

"Some years ago I fished for salmon, Jewish fish, in the Colorado," replied the Prince.

"How many did you catch?" came from the animated questionnaire.

"Not so many," he answered, "just a good eel!"

"Did cha eat them?"

"No!"

"Why?"

"It wasn't kosher!"

The conversation ended for the same reason that it started, none whatever. Ura stepped on the self commencer, and in two minutes they were seated on their respective seats—er—that is, their chairs on the crippled porch of the Lyar mansion, on the Rue de Blackjack. The Lyar home was crippled, for it had a stoop on the front!

It had been a very strenuous day for the noble nobleman, but

a direct descendant from the Third son of Adam must not—ah—could not, complain!

Chapter the Ten ELEGANT FAMILIES

AFTER SUPPER, that evening, the Lyars and their guest sat on the front porch. They formed a circle, in the center was a Woolworth cuspidor that cost ten cents, and was Woolworth it. Watta and the Prince made gallant attempts to hit it.

The sun was setting in the western sky, as is customary for it to do. Ura, who was sitting beside the left side of the Prince, sighed and her mother, who was sitting beside her sighed and looked shyly at the Prince. The Prince's thoughts were of her, but the nimble witted half-wit, Watta, thought that he was thinking of Ura. This placed his feeble mind at rest. Ura, his only daughter, was a good girl and he would be very glad to get rid of her. To him, the nobleman was a solution to this perplexing problem.

"Have you any relatives?" Mrs. Lyar broke the thoughtful silence.

"No," said the one addressed. "Three brothers. Two is married and the other one are happy!"

"Do they live in America?" she inquired again.

"No," the Prince answered. "One is in Atlanta and the others are in Fort Leavenworth!"

"Oh! Southerners and Westerners!" enthusiastically injected Ima.

"How refiningly delicious!" from Ura.

"What do they do?" inquired Watta.

"They are in the uniform of the state in which they reside," stated the Prince.

"Oh! with the gover mint!" exclaimed Ura. "How mulieious!"

"Yes," continued the Prince, "all my folks are or were well known to the government. My father was well known in his time, even as his father before him. In our Country we have what is referred to as settlements. The head of such settlement is called the warden. Father was on speaking terms with nearly all of them."

Warned to his hobby, which was talking about himself, and relatives, the nobleman went on, "Father was very hot headed! I recall, clearly, one incident during one of his rare visits home. He returned one balmy, rainy evening and we children were all gathered around mother. There was thirteen or fourteen of us at the time. Yes! There was more than that, there was at least a dozen of us! When mother saw him she turned to us kids and said, 'Your father is drunk!' "

"Remarkably absolute. Mother knowing that father was

drunk, I mean! Mother was only a little below the average, but she knew right off the bat that father had been drinking lately, in fact, until just a few minutes before his arrival!

"Mother asted him where he got it, and right then and there we knew, even us kids knew that father had been drinking. If he had been in his right mind he would never have spoken to mother the way he did. He should have known her better than to take such a chance. He told her it was none of her damn business.

"Well, to make an anti-long story shorter, father didn't see mother for weeks, and when he did see her, it was just a very little bit out of the left eye!"

This narrative brought a round of applause from the speaker's listeners and Mrs. Lyar mumbled something about "elegant families."

Not to be outdone, Watta began to rake over the conversational coals some of his ancestors. He, too, picked on his father.

To induce the Prince to think well of his daughter, and her noble lineage, Watta tells his life's history. The Prince falls for the chatter and goes into the printing business. See how he prints Ura next month.

INDIANTOWN'S NIGHTINGALE

(continued from page 31)

daughter had achieved the success and fame that had been denied her.

* * *

IT IS amateur night in our second wheel burlesque theatre. The show manager smiles as the crowds lineup at the box office. "It looks like a good house," he confides. It is evident that my advertisements announcing Marie in her specialty, "Hark, the Cucos Are After Me," have been read.

Now the show is nearly over.

Marie appears on the balcony leading to the dressing room. The chorus girls snicker and giggle at the sight of her. Stage hands wink and point to the star, done in chalk, that they placed on the dressing room door. The other amateurs nudge one another. The program of amateurs, that followed the regular burlesque show, is approaching its conclusion.

Marie stands waiting in the wings.

The announcer informs the audience that the management at great expense

offers for their approval the one and only, Marie. But he never finishes his announcement. The crowd roars.

Marie, holding a weird and unknown musical instrument, and attempting to sing an aged ballad, is in the spotlight. But the audience doesn't hear her. The uproar of laughter and cat-calls is too great. Rowdies in the boxes start throwing hard candy and empty candy boxes at the stage. The comics of the burlesque show appear to clown the act. One slides across stage on his vest and grabs Marie by one of the spindle legs. She falls. Now in a fit of rage she is beating the funny man. She exits threatening the comic.

The crowd exits, too. It has had its bit of enjoyment at the expense of this woman.

* * *

SHE cried this night because accompanying her weekly wage—we paid her \$8—was her notice. The theatre couldn't use her in the future.

The Humane Society and the police had advised against it.

Winifred Sackville Stoner, Joy Booster

THE WORLD'S GREATEST Joyizer is Winifred Sackville Stoner of 418 Central Park West, New York City. "Mother" Stoner, as she is affectionately called by all who know her, believes that Peace, Progress and Plenty can only come by universal cooperation and the founding of Natural Education Schools for Body and Brain Building through Productive Psychology and Productive Play. Everybody is a Joyizer at heart. Write "Mother" Stoner now and receive, without cost, her Joyize Pamphlet.

THE DEFACED STATUE

(continued from page 6)

of finishing. I went to my room, and in the morning returned to Felix's. He met me at the door. "She is still asleep, Paul," he spoke guardedly, "I have mapped out my plan. I shall hold her prisoner, and treat her so. Food, warmth, and rest she shall have, enough to preserve the life; later, more, that the health may return. But the fear and sorrow I must hold until the clay has received it. Bear witness that I mean no evil. For that face and wilted body are a dispensation of *le bon Dieu*. They must not recover themselves until I have graved them in the marble. I am not cruel; I but refuse to waste a great gift." Truly, he was an artist.

AT first there was some trouble. The altogether was so far from her village conception of modesty that only by threat of the rod could Felix force her to abandon the chemise which was her wardrobe. Tearing it from her caused her only to shroud herself in the nearest cloth, were it but a handkerchief. It was ludicrous—and pitiful. But like all women, she learned willingly to expose her body when she found it an object of admiration, even though admired for its famished weariness.

Day by day I watched the discipline. Nude, she crouched upon the divan, her knees, toes and fingers in the chalk marks. It was not a difficult pose, and Felix gave her frequently to rest. But his voice was always curt, sometimes savage; his manner inflexible; his reproof for the slightest relaxation biting. He worked like a fiend.

IN one of the few hours of repose I forced upon him, he told me the story of the child. She was a Marie-Louise Laforge, a name commonplace enough. She had been a servant in a Belgian Family, had heard of the pleasures and good wages of Paris, and had come, spending her little savings while seeking work. A *maquereau* had caught her, and was in process of subjugating her when she escaped to us. A simple enough tale, commonplace as the girl's name.

"She went a little into details," remarked Felix, and spat. I sat silent. It had happened ten thousand times; would happen ten thousand more. The lucky one had fallen into his path. Truly, a dispensation.

La Misere progressed famously.

The girl's early unwillingness to pose had completely given way under habit and the threat to send her back to the evil from which she had fled. An occasional repetition of the threat sufficed to preserve the desired attitude of dejection. But it could not last long. Prisoner that she was, in terror of return, the absence of physical brutality and observation of things about her had quickly brought hope to life—the object intended.

Felix wrote it into the clay. As it grew stronger I saw another look likewise gaining. but I said nothing, though I thought not a little. Felix was all that a woman could desire, and Marie-Louise was a budding woman.

April gave way to May, and Felix bought a block of marble. It lay in the mews two days while carpenters reinforced a spot of the studio floor for the new turntable. Never had Felix attempted a work of the size. The clay model beside him, and Marie-Louise at hand, he swung maul on chisel with verve. The roughing-out was completed when the weather turned warm.

RETURNING from a fortnight at Fontainebleau one torrid afternoon my easel and box in hand, I thrust my head in at Felix's door. He answered my call with a cheery "*Entrez.*" At the studio door I halted, and my hand instinctively fumbled for my sketch book. The pose was marvelous. Felix, stripped to the waist, sweating from his exertions with the maul, leaned with one elbow upon the marble, one foot raised by the rough-hewn base, his body half-turned. Every magnificent muscle of his virile torso swelled under his ruddy skin. His flushed face smiled with the abandon of creative toil—a demi-god.

Against the black velvet cover of the divan the white nudity of Marie-Louise' body was sharp-out. I noted the absence of the ribs that had been so painfully evident at our first encounter. Her breasts were swelling, ripening into luscious roundness; her hips had lost their starved angularity and were filling out into gracious curves of blossoming womanhood. Her shoulders had become a delight. Her abdomen, that had been flat as a boy's was rounding, and from tip to tip of the V at its base a little fold was appearing, evidence of blooming maturity and good nourishment.

But it was the face held me. The starved little gamin had become, overnight, as it were, the beautiful woman, glorying in her desirability. After a glance at my entrance she returned her eyes to Felix, and if ever I read blind adoration in eyes, I read it in hers. She dropped them, resuming the pose, as Felix turned from me.

"The light falls—supper, my child; Paul, you will restore yourself with me," he welcomed. Catching up a cape, Marie-Louise draped it about her hips, producing the startling effect of a full skirt sans trace of bodice. She disappeared toward the rear of the house. I dropped my *materiel* in a corner, and found a chair opposite Felix.

SO Marie-Louise is no longer the prisoner but the willing slave," I bantered between puffs at a new-lit pipe. "Ah, yes. She has nowhere to go, she says, dreads falling again into the hands of a beast, and makes herself useful. It is very convenient."

"I have a letter from my wife. She desires that I return to the world, the flesh and the devil as understood by her. I prefer my own sort. Strangely enough, she writes that she is mad with love; that the estate requires an heir. Cannot understand my indifference. Is it not droll? Pah!" with a wry mouth. "When I left Nice last spring I told her she might come if she desired. But she preferred roulette. Bien, I write that I am well occupied, so is she, let the matter there rest. As to loving me: had you heard the vinegar that spilled from her tongue when I reserved separate rooms at the Grand you would be of opinion with me. It is impossible—incredible."

I was not of opinion with him, for the passion of women can show in viciousness quite as much as in gentleness, but it was most assuredly not my affair.

AS Marie-Louise bustled about the table and fire-place, her feet in slippers for protection against stray chips of marble, she glanced frequently at Felix. He at her, never. Her hair she had caught into an impromptu chignon at the top of her head. The line from the nape of her neck to the garment girdled about her waist was enchanting. A veritable Hebe, I thought, noting the sway of the bosom, and the arm's curve as she poured the wine.

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Thus she waited upon us. Delectable, both the repast and the demure little cupbearer, conscious, yet careless of her extreme dishabille, knowing well its power to charm. The hem of the cape fell but an inch below her rosy knees, and the front was at her left hip. Occasionally, white as with pearl powder, her thigh glanced through the swaying folds. As she refilled my glass I felt the downy softness of her naked bosom through the shirt on my shoulder—the perfume of her breath fell upon my forehead—the sweet savour of her skin

She cleared the table afterward, and curled up on the hearthrug at Felix's feet, her eyes on him as we talked. I would have given much to have a woman look at me thus. My blood flowed faster in those days. Eh! La Jeunesse!

III.

FELIX left the room for some trivial purpose. Marie-Louise turned to me, asking: "Is he not worn with travail? Look the statue is all but finished yet he toils as though there were but two days allotted, and all to do in them. He must rest. You can persuade him. I dare not." I thought she added "yet", but Felix's entrance stopped inquiry.

I broached the subject. He fell in with it more easily than I had imagined. Evidently the strain was apparent to himself. "The very thing," he smiled. "My wife's little villa outside Longjumeau is unoccupied, and I have the keys. We shall picnic there a day or two and relax. Bring your brushes, Paul, the pool in the park is enchanting, and you may find something worth doing."

EARLY next day we started and before night were established. Marie-Louise took capable charge of the cuisine. Supper was made more delicious by the appetite of our journey, and we slept long. After coffee next morning I set up my easel on the marge of the pool, which really was a considerable lake, blocking in the mass of the trees on the opposite shore, and despairing of finding a proper place in the composition for a pair of swans that drifted about. Every placing seemed better than the others.

Felix napped beside me. After an hour he woke, stretched, and remarked that the heat made repose difficult. "Cool off," I suggested, gesturing at
(continued on page 43)

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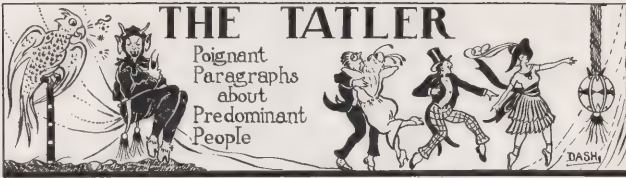
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LIFE IS FICTION and the more we delve into it, the greater are its living, breathing romances. Go where you will, alone or in company, and you will find the scenery set, and the actors ready, out of real life, to perform for you, thrill you, rob your eyes of their tears, inveigle your twitching lips into a smile or cause you to rollick with laughter. To know what people are and who they are doing,—no, I mean, to know who people are and what they are doing, is to read truth, which is far more intense, vital, throbbing and interest compelling than all of the best sellers combined.

The Mitchell Rampus

IT IS QUITE the sporty thing to do—have a wife and family, be a member of the best clubs, have entree into the cream of society, and maintain a private little harem on the side. That is to say, it is perfectly respectable and accepted IF it does not become a matter of public scandal. Unfortunate as it may appear for John Kearsley Mitchell because of his friendship for Dorothy King, the murdered butterfly of the White Lights, he is being turned upon and snarled at by the very jackals who are playing fast and loose with their own morality and health. But what joy it is for the snapping jackals to jump on the poor body of John Kearsley Mitchell and rend him limb from limb.

And, oh, how choice is the morsel for the divine ones, over their flasks, their dainty cigarets and their bridge to wallow in the doings of Johnnie with that "creature" of a caste so far "inferior to us elect." And can't you hear these tantalizing she-males rip it out with great chagrin: "Why did he have to go outside his own class?" Well may they say it with chagrin,—their cantankerous souls yearning for just this sort of liaison. But, who in

the upper crust can bring that exquisite satisfaction, that naive charm, so illusive, but, ah, so different, because it brings with it the ripened experience of "knowing how"?

By the standards of the day, John Kearsley Mitchell lost himself in the byways of relaxation. Dorothy King gave it to him, made him forget, kept him interested. He paid for it as he went along. It doesn't necessarily follow, because he was seemingly lavish with his money, that he was extravagant. Supposing she did cost him ten, fifteen or twenty-five thousand dollars. That didn't mean as much to him as a five or a ten spot does to the average man. Who wouldn't blow a twenty for an evening's entertainment with any Dorothy King?

Nor has it been developed that the relationship of either to the other was more than deep, intimate friendship. And what is there that is so wrong about friendship? The wrong comes when scandal breaks. It is then that the hypocrisy of the human species speaks—more especially those "who live in glass houses."

Won't the rivals of Mitchell's in-laws, the Edward T. Stotesbury's raise their well-manicured eye-brows

in righteous horror and pucker their pretty little pug noses, to which they will apply their highly perfumed handkerchief's in mock derision of the stench.

Ah, we shall see—we shall see. The common herd already are applauding J. Pierpont Morgan's partner, as with true Stotesbury generalship he is standing by his son-in-law. Bravo and a tiger!

And to you John Kearsley Mitchell, our compliments. And here's wishing you go back to Philadelphia and kick the pants off of every living man beast or fowl who draws the black line against you.

Society Working

IT TOOK THE girls to do it. It makes no difference where they come from, the women are constantly leading the procession. The great exodus of society women into trade and business has had a salutary effect upon those who danced attendance upon them. Society boys are going to work. No, not the old stereotyped job of ragging the pater or robbing the mater, but a real, honest-to-goodness proposition, don't-cher-know.

Craig Biddle, Jr., is out on the Hollywood lots doing hard work as an "extra" at \$7.50 a day in the movies. It is hard work, because he finds himself in the position of making one day's pay stretch over a period of time

until he gets his next job, because "extras" do not have steady employment.

Horace E. Dodge has gone into the mechanical department of the Dodge Automobile works, putting on overalls in emulation of Carter Leidy, the husband of the exquisite Fifi Widener, Young Leidy started at two-fifty per in the shops of the American Car and Foundry Co.

Take Whitney Warren, Jr. whose proud papa would have him achieve the fame that is his as an architect. Whit is out in Indianapolis with a theatrical company, dreaming dreams of a great national theatre.

And so it goes.

And well it is that it does.

The more the better for young American manhood and the worse for the resultant rottenness of idleness in high life.

Babe's Dilemma

TO BABE RUTH has come a problem a little more perplexing than batting out home runs. It may be as the "Babe" says, that he doesn't know Dolores Dixon, who claims that her unborn child is the result of Ruth's actions in July and August 1922 when "with force and

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W. JOHNSON QUINN

violence he ill-treated" her. Ruth's answer is that he has no recollection of the incident and he has expressed a desire to see what the girl looks like.

In society, on the stage, on the diamond, anywhere, sins of commission and omission are alleged and rumored until it has now become a badge of distinction to be indicted, to be asked to interview the District Attorney and to defend all sorts of suits.

House of David

KING TUT ISN'T the only king that has been dug up out of seclusion for our edification. Old King **Ben Purnell** of the House of David Colony is sharing stellar position on the front page. Tut doesn't know it, but Bennie does and in a way that will kill all the pleasant recollections he ever will have, of the divine services conducted by himself in the center of a worshipping flock of nudes.

What a nice, sweet-dispositioned gent he was. First he would receive his females into the fellowship, then divest them of their worldly possessions and coax them into a sensual rites for his own bodily gratification. If they balked he would let them wear their clothes and shoes to tatters, starve them to the point where they would and did barter anything for the sake of respectability—that is to say, outward, material respectability.

What a woman won't do for her peacock fineries—so that she can figuratively spread her tail and strut around!

And what a foxy old quiller he was—with his labyrinth of underground passages and high cylinder motor for emergent use in case of a hint of prosecution or enforced exodus.

Debutante Don'ts

HAVE YOU SEEN Mrs. Vanderbilt's list of 10 DON'TS for debutantes? And have you ever tried to figure out the Vanderbilt clan and the silly aspirations for social prominence? There comes the Dowager, Mrs. (Cornelius) Vanderbilt who ostensibly shines as the leader due to the toleration of the wife of Brig. Gen. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Grace Wilson that was, the real leader of the socially-elect. Then comes Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, 2d, Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. And now follows Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt,

until within the last few months, Gloria Morgan of the movies, and daughter of the American Consul General at Brussels.

And so it is, that one must watch their step when the Vanderbilts are invited. Because woe to them who offend the time honored and exalted line of precedence.

And, ah, yes, the Ten Don'ts.

Read 'em carefully:

"Dance in a ladylike manner."

"Avoid the newer bizarre dances."

"Eschew the young man who goes about to debutante dances flourishing a flask."

"Show proper respect for the older members of society."

"Do not neglect 'party calls'."

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"Take sufficient out-of-doors exercise to combat the strain of late hours in stuffy ballrooms."

"Do not snub a sister-debutante simply because she is not as highly placed, socially and financially as you are."

"Join the Junior League."

"Devote a certain number of hours each day to philanthropic endeavors."

"Dress sanely."

"Don't have a 'line'."

"Know something about the young men you invite to your mother's home other than that they are 'good dancers'."

"Insist on having a chaperone,"
and— "Don't elope."

Can you hear our good old-fashioned grandmothers turning over in their graves and groaning in their coffins as they digest this list? Not a word about preparing for the spiritual and material things of life—nothing about the responsibilities of marriage, of the home, of the bringing-up of a family.

Well, if this is the dictum of the very fountain-head of society, one can well understand what a temptation it must have been for Craig Biddle, Jr., Young Carter Leidy and the rest to actually want to go to work.

Monaco's Mistress

DIG DEEP Enough and you will find a woman and that is exactly what Prince Pierre did when he came to the throne of Monaco. He has had Madame Chinon literally thrown out by the—ah—hem of her

THE DEFACED STATUE

(continued from page 39)

As he rose, blowing and shouting with the joy of the cool water, Marie-Louise appeared around a clump of lilacs. "O, Delightful," she screamed, struggling with the waistband of her skirt. Dropping her garments in a pile about her feet she trotted to the shore, and waded in, stepping gingerly as her soles exchanged the grassy bank for the pebbles of the bottom.

Such a pose! Unconstrained, against varying greens! None comparable had ever been offered me. The swans were brutally effaced. I drew feverishly

A SCREAM, ending with a choke, drew my eyes from the canvas. I strove to leap free of the easel, but as always, Felix was before me. He reached the swirling bubbles and dove ere my boots were wetted. An instant

garments. Zee Madame was the Pompadour of Monte Carlo, the "friend" of Monsieur Blanc, director of the Casino and formerly, its heaviest stockholder.

Zee Madame, she lived the life of Riley!

Whenever she wanted to gamble she borrowed large sums, which if lost, she never repaid. If she won, she kept the winnings. Just think, property worth \$400,000,000 administered by this sterling "friend," this Zee Madame, who hired and discharged the employees, awarded the prizes and veritably controlled the Casino and Sporting Club and the Hotel and Cafe de Paris, through her dearest Charles Blanc.

Today she lives on the outskirts of the principality, while Charlie boy has been reduced to the status of an employee.

Sin pays, if you get it while the getting's good, AND KEEP IT WHEN YOU'VE GOT IT!

Ask Zee Madame. She knows!

Poor Rich Girl

THE RICHEST Girl in all the world is a hanger on around the fringes of society—simply because her father had a lowly upbringing and amassed his fortune honestly. She possesses the greater part of her father's \$29,000,000 fortune which was left her at his death. Alice De Lamar is exclusive in every sense of the word. She is the only girl at Palm Beach this past season who had a bath-house all her very own.

later he waded ashore, the girl sitting in his arms, clutching wildly at his neck.

She calmed in an instant, but he did not rid himself of her clinging body. Something was growing in his eyes as he looked down into hers, robbed by fear of all restraint. It was that which I had been for weeks expecting. She had hid her eyes from him until now, trusting that the sight of her body would draw him to her as its beauty developed. But, long accustomed to display of charms, he had remained indifferent until the confession of her eyes was coupled with the voluptuous warmth of flesh on naked flesh.

She drew herself closer to him, raising her lips as with a sudden tensing of his arms, bowed his own to hers. How long her whiteness lay pressed to the ruddy brawn of his

(continued on page 44)

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

By L. C. GRANT

DEAR MOTHER has a "Welcome" on the doormat, "God Bless Our Home" is hung upon the wall. Right over the piano's writ "Keep Smiling"; "Don't Worry" greets the eye out in the hall.

IF YOU just do as much as you get paid for, You'll ne'er be paid for more than you can do." That's father's favorite motto and he's framed it; He says 'twas meant for people just like you.

THEY TELL us to "Be Good and You'll Be Happy." And in a crowd remember, "Women First"; Be sure to "Watch Your Step" when crossing over, Or by the autoists you will be cursed.

LIFE'S JUST one round of sayings and of mottos; They tell you what to do and show you how. We cannot say we don't believe in slogans, Eventually we have to, why not now?

THE DEFACED STATUE

(continued from page 43)

breast, I cannot say. It seemed an hour before I could remove my gaze.

I WAS distracted by the far clang of the park gate, but they were oblivious. Leaving them, I hastened toward the drive, for this was no moment for interruption. I found nothing. But upon turning toward the house I noted fresh wheel-tracks in the gravel, and prints of a woman's shoe. The heels were deeply impressed, as by a large weight moving with care. Dismay flooded me. His wife! Had she seen?

I kept my counsel, for who could be a friend, and introduce such a theme? But I was circumspect. For three days I patrolled the entrance to the park. For three night. I listened long after the murmur from their room had died, then slept but little, waking at the scurry of a mouse, were it even in the wainscoat of the closed and muffled drawing room below. But nothing untoward occurred. We returned to Montmartre, Felix more the demi-god than ever, Marie-Louise indescribable.

IV.

TWO DAYS later my tobacco ran out. In my list slippers I stepped across the way to borrow some of Felix. My steps made no sound in the silent house. I entered the studio, and halted.

They lay nude in each other's arms on the divan at the foot of the statue. Both were deep in the sleep that follows blissful fulfilment. I must pass them to accomplish my errand. Impossible.

So I tiptoed to the sleeping room at the rear, where I filled my pouch from the jar at the bedside. I glanced again into the atelier as I passed the open door. My blood froze!

Swinging her weight upon the long bar used to revolve the turntable was a woman of incredible fatness, with a demoniac squint. The other end of the bar was beneath the statue's base, a large block of wood the fulcrum. As the ponderous marble tottered, I shrieked. Too late. Through the floor it carried divan and sleepers, into the deep wine cellar beneath. I leaped out the door, barely avoiding the falling walls. THE END



"To dress well is an art and an extremely complicated and difficult art," says Arnold Bennett.

MILLE OUELLETTE
Talks About
Milady's Attire

WOMEN do not give enough thought to dress. It is not a thing which requires only casual attention, but should be made a study, every woman giving minute attention to her personal requirements.

I SAW A woman yesterday who has plenty of money and who picked up a well-made straw hat for \$40. She thought she was well dressed because she had paid a good price for her hat. It was not suited to her chubby face and made her look like a caricature. A \$10 hat with a small brim and less on it would have suited her much better. Price does not determine smartness.

MAKE-UP is no longer used only by the demi monde. The majority of women over twenty-five need a touch of rouge and powder and they should be careful in the selection of it.

PARIS MODISTES are advocating the use of powder, rouge and lipstick to match the gown. Dead white (continued on following page.)

EDWARD KIRK
Writes On

The Well-Dressed Man

THE knell of the wrist watch has been sounded and the pocket watch is now the thing again.

THE sporty man is no longer wearing the perforated fancy tipped shoe, the plain golf shoe is now meeting with favor in London.

DO NOT select a flashy tie if you care to be well dressed this season. Men of discernment are wearing sober, modest neckwear in dull hues.

THE heart of a man will be delighted to learn that fancy waistcoats are being shown by the best haberdashers. That rather explains the plain ties.

SOME very striking silk shirts are being shown in New York show windows. They are of one color with self collar. Stripes seem to have been discarded and these look comfortable as well as in good taste.

IT IS as necessary for the business man to be well dressed as it is for the actor or society man and he should take as much pains to select

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Chicago

his clothes and to see that they harmonize.

IN BUYING your spring hat see that it looks well with your suits and do not buy a brown felt hat to go with a gray suit.

IF YOU are a short stout man do not buy a checked suit, but select one with stripes which are not too prominent.

THE well dressed man attends to the details. He sees that his collar fits snugly and leaves just room enough for the knot in his tie. A snug collar is just as comfortable as one that protrudes and makes all the difference in the world in your appearance.

A WELL dressed man wears but one ring at a time, more than that is very poor taste.

IT IS still proper to wear the stiff bosomed shirt with evening clothes, but perfectly proper, if you prefer to wear shirts with soft bosoms and they do not wilt before the evening is over.

THE swagger man is no longer sporting colored silk handkerchiefs. The all white handkerchief is in better taste. Occasionally a single toned linen one is seen.

FASHION decrees that men may once more wear suspenders, but few except the very stout with no waist line will dare to do so. It may yet become the fad for women to knit blue silk ones for their men friends as they did in the good old days.

MILADY'S ATTIRE

(continued from preceding page)

or red are not used, but a bronze powder to match a brown or yellow gown and a red or blue frock calls for a shade of purple powder. Of course, yellow has long been used at seaside resorts to match a sunburned skin.

TAILORED lingerie is fast giving place to lace and net and fine embroidery. Fantasies of black lace and georgette may be seen when the wind blows along the rue de Rivoli.

THE discovery of King Tut's tomb has not affected women's dress as much as it was thought it would do. There was a desperate attempt on the part of dress designers to force the wierd creations on us, but some women still insist upon being becomingly dressed rather than imitating a totem pole.

THE Egyptian effect in lining silks or jewelry, however, is being received enthusiastically. If one must wear an Egyptian gown, be sure to wear a plain, simple hat with it.

FLUFFY, bouffant frocks are the thing for young girls' party dresses. Brilliant hues and plenty of billowing lace.

CAPES continue in favor this season, though they are apt to be a trifle more complicated in design than formerly.

FFIFTH AVENUE has stamped approval on knitted garments as well as the use of wool in ornamenting dresses. New wool sweaters are shown and the combination of wool and ribbon is striking.

THREE-PIECE outfits of dress, blouse, and coatee are popular this spring.

THE BOOK SHOP

(continued from page 30)

tion always is so natural that we believe we know the people.

Although there is a feeble effort to moralize in the end, it is a patent fact that the author sympathizes with the breaking of barriers, and the book is ultra-modern in that it makes no effort to expose or punish the "culprits." In neither case, is the liaison ever found out, and both girls marry happily. Quite a jump from the Scarlet Letter!

BROKEN BARRIERS

..... Meredith Nicholson
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WE HAVE WITH US

By JOSEPH DUNN

Former Feature Editor of New York Evening Journal and Evening Mail

KIKI Belasco
Which proves that chorus girls are "sisters under their skin" and no cinch for any man to manage.

CHAUVE SOURIS Century Roof
You have to hand it to them, those Russian players are clever. Of course, it's art since it came out of Russia.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE Republic
Not strictly kosher—and has fun for both the Irish and the Jew—to say nothing of the innocent bystander.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES New Amsterdam
Made as famous by those "hams"—Gallagher and Shean—as by the hand-picked beauties of the chorus.

WHISPERING WIRES Broadhurst
Which proves that it doesn't always pay to get the right number on the phone.

THE OLD SOAK Plymouth
Some hooch it was that made the "gentleman parrot" lay an egg. So beware of what you drink.

SO THIS IS LONDON Hudson
Perhaps it is—but it gets over just as though it were—maybe better—so what's the diff.

BETTER TIMES Hippodrome
Our country cousins and the kids of the city certainly enjoy it.

SALLY, IRENE AND MARY 44th St.
Melody, pep and pulchritude together with more of an idea than the average musical comedy.

THE LADY IN ERMINE Century
Soldiers never did have a chance when ladies were clever. It may have been a dream, but was it?

THE FOOL Times Square
It's a gift but not every minister has it away from the protection of the pulpit.

MUSIC BOX REVUE Music Box
Another one of those things that flow on forever with variations and novelities.

THE LAST WARNING Klaw
Page Conan Doyle. He should protest against the cruelties to a professional ghost.

SEVENTH HEAVEN Booth
Oh, boy! Who wouldn't be in Seventh Heaven—or even higher—with that charming Helen Mencken.

UP SHE GOES Playhouse
Too much family. You may think you're marrying only the girl—but beware of her relatives and friends.

RAIN Maxine Elliott's
Even a clergyman is liable to fall when it rains all the time. And who wouldn't for Jeanne Eagles?

MERTON OF THE MOVIES Cort

We suggest Merton's prayer to be made a good movie actor for the consideration of many screen players, that inflict themselves on the public.

LITTLE NELLIE KELLY Liberty
Elizabeth Hines is surely coming into her own. She's there in forty ways.

THE LOVE CHILD Geo. M. Cohan
Seems to be a problem in Paris for a young chap to pick out his dad. It's a great life.

GOD OF VENGEANCE Apollo
They used to pinch the inmates of a dive—now they pinch the players portraying the parts.

THE MASKED WOMAN Eltinge
Man is a worm, that's admitted, but trifling ladies should beware the worm's turning.

SECRETS Fulton
If you like the kind of play that keeps you wondering what's coming next don't miss it.

WHY NOT? Equity, 48th Street
If you're contemplating matrimony with another, while still married, you might get a few pointers.

GIVE AND TAKE 40th Street
No, this isn't a husband and wife play where he gives all he's got and she takes everything.

POLLY PREFERRED Little
It's no disgrace to start on a movie career from the automat. Some of our best have done it.

LADY BUTTERFLY Astor
A British Channel steamer and Johnny Dooley add to the gaiety of nations.

ROMEO AND JULIET Henry Miller's
Who wouldn't like to have the cinch Romeo had when Jane Cowl is Juliet.

THE DANCING GIRL Winter Garden
The barefoot Spanish lass, Trini, trips it in fascinating style and speeds up the tempo.

CAROLINE Ambassador
No, not in the mor-n-n-ing. Any old e-e-e-evening will do for to see and enjoy yourself.

WILDFLOWER Casino
Don't wash your feet before you go as you won't be able to make them behave, as the girl remarked when she washed her hair.

PEER GYNT Shubert
There are limitations even to the enjoyment of being a prodigal son.

ICEBOUND Sam H. Harris
We find New Englanders colder than even we imagined them.

THE LAUGHING LADY**Longacre**

Why do they make divorce so difficult when marriage is so easy? However, Ethel Barrymore manages to wear a smile through it all.

MARY THE THIRD**39th Street**

Hurrah for the flapper say we. May she flap forever and a day while she Mary the thirds.

ANYTHING MIGHT HAPPEN**Comedy**

Well, it's New York and we know anything does happen here. Read the newspapers if you don't believe us.

YOU AND I**Belmont**

We think this a clever play that would get over much better with a different title.

BARNUM WAS RIGHT**Frazee**

Of course, the old boy was. It pays to advertise that pirate treasure can be found any place around your inn.

PASTEUR**Empire**

Noted for its banishment of the female of the species from the stage.

THE COMEDIAN**Lyceum**

The audience is taken into the confidence of the players and before the evening is over they seem like old pals.

THE CLINGING VINE**Knickerbocker**

Oh, boy, it's worth the price of admission just to see Peggy Wood. If Peggy Wood, who wouldn't?

LIZA**Bayes**

Colored players set the record for the world's speediest performance. Jazz to the Nth degree.

GO-GO**63d Street**

Another one of those shows that exceed the speed limit. Pep is the first, last and middle name of the performers.

THE LOVE HABIT**Bijou**

Something you don't want to get except with the right girl. You might go and take warning from it.

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